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The Winters Advocate.

DR. W. C. HARDING,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

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WILL BE IN
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See Local Notices. ap6-tf

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HAVING purchased, thoroughly renovated and refurnished this old and favorite house throughout, the patronage of the traveling and resident public is respectfully solicited.
GOOD BOARDING AND COMFORTABLE ROOMS
At REASONABLE PRICES by the DAY or WEEK. The TABLE will be supplied with the best the market affords.
No Chinese Cooks Employed.
☞Free 'BUS to and from all passenger trains.
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LIVERY STABLES
(Rear of Freeman & Co's Store),
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FIRST-CLASS TURN-OUTS, MODERATE CHARGES.
SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO BOARDING HORSES.
☞A Mammoth Corral and Feed Yard attached for the accommodation of Large Teams. oc18

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VACAVILLE,
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FIRST-CLASS OPERATIONS. ONLY. SOLICITED.
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Fashionable Dressmaker.
Mrs. John Webber,
THE WELL KNOWN
FASHIONABLE DRESSMAKER,
Has Removed to
A. Alexander's White House,
MAIN STREET, WOODLAND,
Where she is prepared to make Dresses of all kinds in the LATEST STYLES. She does her work neatly and promptly, and satisfaction guaranteed.
☞All orders from the country, for Dress Goods or Trimmings, will receive prompt attention.
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Livery and Feed Stable,
First and Baker Sts.
HORSES AND CARRIAGES
ON HAND
DAY AND NIGHT.
Horses Boarded by Day or Month
AT REASONABLE RATES.
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Wine and Billiard
Parlors,
MAIN STREET, WOODLAND.
ABE MORRIS, - - - Proprietor.
Choice Wines, Liquors and Cigars.
TWO FINE NEW BILLIARD TABLES HAVE JUST BEEN SET UP.
☞Give me a call. m10-tf

Elected.*

BY FRANCIS S. SMITH.

He was the toiling people's choice,
 Honored and loved by all,
Quick to respond with purse and voice
 To want's despairing call.
He little cared for station high—
 Contented he to dwell
At his loved home surrounded by
 The friends who knew him well.

But they resolved that he should wear
 A mark of high degree,
And thought he knew 'twas fraught with care,
 He yielded modestly.
He had no selfish aim in view,
 No coffers poor to swell;
He loved his friends with hearts so true,
 And meant to serve them well.

They fought the battle earnestly,
 And won the envied wreath;
But, woe the day! their victory
 Was swallowed up in death!
For even while their huzzas rent
 The air at close of day,
The chief for whom their toil was spent
 Passed from the earth away.

The loss was theirs, not his, he won
 A crown of greater worth
Than ever yet was placed upon
 A brow of mortal birth.
Elected *there*, he finds a seat
 Of love, and peace, and joy,
A victory proof against defeat,
 Which death cannot destroy.

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*Alexander Smith died at Yonkers, on Tuesday evening, the 5th of November, just after he had been elected to Congress from the Twelfth District, to succeed the Hon. Clarkson N. Potter.

A Race for Life.

I.

THE MESSAGE.

"My dear fellow, I am delighted to see you," exclaimed my friend M'Causland, as he met me at the door of his house.

I had gone on a visit to Holmesdale, a little town on the north of England. M'Causland was engineer to the water company there, and had invited me to go down for a week.

After the usual interval for dressing we sat down to an excellent little dinner. Not unnaturally the conversation turned upon the weather.

"I am sorry this rain continues," said M'Causland; "it spoils my water supply. People bully me as if I could help it."

"Are your reservoirs near town?" I asked.

"No," he replied, away in the hills. We can go over to-morrow if you like. I'm due there."

The excursion was arranged. We agreed to start at eleven o'clock next morning, and we started punctually.

We pursued our way up the hill, and crossing the brow, reached a small inn. Here we found a country gig awaiting us. Into this we clambered, and proceeded along a wooded by-road, stony and rutful. At length, when hope had almost given way to bad language, we pulled up at another small inn, called the "Reservoir." We got out of the gig gladly.

An engineer foreman hurried up and accosted us politely.

"Is all right, Johnson?" inquired M'Causland.

"Yes,, all is right; but—"

"Well, but what?"

"I don't quite like the South Reservoir embankment," was the reply.

M'Causland turned pale to his very lips.

"Come with me," he said abruptly. We hurried after him in silence, and with a strange dread upon us.

We soon came in sight of the extensive embankment which confined the waters of the largest of the three reservoirs of Holmesdale Company. A fresh breeze was blowing the waters in small though noisy waves against the paved top of the bank. Here and there a tongue of liquid spat upon the stonework, and at one spot it trickled down into and apparently came through the grass.

"This is the spot I was looking at this morning," said Johnson.

"You had better have a few men to puddle this up," said M'Causland, indicating a tiny crack that would have escaped less experienced eyes.

We then continued our inspection, but during our progress round the works the clouds had massed themselves in wild grandeur above the hills, and lay heavy above the App Valley in front. The railroad crossed the valley on a graceful viaduct near Ammering Junction. The dark slaty clouds hung suspended over this district. Long tendrils of the scud came forth from them like fingers. These clutched now a rock, then a solitary tree, now swept up again and brought down a larger mass of cloud to place upon the ground—ever stealing onward and downward, leaving all in its stealthy track dank and foggy. A low moaning sound was in the air. It was not the wind, for the breeze had strangely lulled. The trees scarce moved, yet the water rolled up against the reservoir banks as if agitated by an unseen wheel. We all seemed conscious of the disturbance of the atmospheric conditions, and the leaves whispered strange confidences to the motionless boughs above our heads.

The men had all gone up to the reservoirs. M'Causland and I sat chatting together.

"Do you think you could find your way back alone?" he asked suddenly.

"Why?" I said. "Do you intend to remain here? Is there any danger?"

"Well, scarcely that; but I think I ought to be on the spot. I will return to-morrow or next day."

"Can not I stay too?"

"Certainly, if you desire it. We rough it up here though."

"I do not mind that," I replied. So it was settled. Fortunate it was that I did remain. As we were preparing to visit the sluices again, we were startled by a vivid flash of lightning, which had hardly passed when the rocks rang out with a thousand thunder echoes.

This was the signal. The windows of heaven opened, and a perfect deluge descended upon the devoted valley. The little brooks leaped up and danced down the hill-sides in white array. Tiny water-falls swelled themselves into cataracts, and foamed down to the streams. The wind rose up from its sleep, and forced great rolling waves across the coping of the reservoirs, and stones and grass became commingled.

Now the sluice valves were all opened, and the long-imprisoned waters gladly dashed from out its prison to meet its native river once again. The channel of the Holmesdale, once more filled with water, divided on the hill. But still the men worked hard amid the gathering gloom and thunder by lantern light, and nature rested not that live-long night.

But I turned in and got some sleep in defiance of the elemental war without.

At five o'clock in the morning, as the gray light was struggling into life, M'Causland came fully dressed, into my room. I started up.

"Dress yourself as quickly as you can, and come down stairs," he said. I began to ask questions. "Lose no time, there's a good fellow; I want your assistance." He left the room.

I jumped up at once, hurried to the window, and looked out. Day was just breaking through the misty sky, and all the world was raining. The water was splashing from the eaves, and, mingling with the heavy drops, burst into a separate stream in every rut and furrow. The wind beat the tall trees and roared amid the branches. Ever and anon a a sharp snap denoted a bough torn from its place and whirled to the soaking earth.

I dressed quickly, and joined M'Causland in the little parlor. He was studying a private copy of the railroad time-tables, which, as an official, he always carried.

"Will you take the horse and ride down to Ammering Junction with a message?"

His collected manner assured me. Was this all? A ride through the rain was not much. "Of course I will go."

He grasped my hand firmly. "Are you nervous?" he said, and he held it in his own steady grasp.

"Nonsense," I replied, laughing. "I'll be ready in five minutes, if it's important. Is the horse here?"

I ran up for my water-proofs. When I came down, the horse was at the door, and M'Causland inspecting him.

I mounted. "Now," I said, "for the great message, if you please."

M'Causland's tone had something very solemn in it as he replied:

"Tell the station-master at Ammering Junction, and any people you see, that the South Reservoir will not last three hours. It will burst down the valley, and will destroy the Apps Viaduct, and carry away the bridges on the Holmesdale branch. Stop the traffic, and save the passengers. God bless you! and hark ye, ride for your life. I will fire the signal as a warning. Good by."

II.

A WILD RIDE.

Mechanically I gathered up the reins, nodded to M'Causland, for I was too stupified to reply in words, and started upon my wild ride. Three hours hence and the water would be pouring down the valley through which my course lay. No wonder I had to ride for my life, and perhaps the lives of hundreds of my fellow creatures depended on mine. Ammering Junction was some miles away. My route lay through an unknown country, across moorland intersected by flooded streams, and swept by the fierce wind and rain.

I must do it, I thought, as my horse picked his cautious way amid the loose stones down the steep by-road we had ascended the previous day. I should need all my strength, though, to execute my task, so I pressed on. A valuable slice out of my mind had been expended when I reached the broad highway and urged my horse to a higher speed. I had to turn off again, I knew, but I fancied I should easily find the path. Besides, was there not a sign-post? Therefore, urged by dreadful tidings, and with the fierce wind and biting rain by turns and all together assailing me, I urged my horse onward. I reached the turning, and halted to read the direction I should take. I nearly fainted with horror as I read. The fatal finger pointed up the cross-road I was pursuing—"To Holmesdale and Seaham." The opposite index pointed —To Ruddal and Ammering." I could scarcely credit my senses. Surely I was right! We had come up the previous day, and up the hill to the reservoirs. I had merely to reverse the route we had traveled. At that moment, if you will believe me; the true state of the case and my own stupidity flashed upon me. We had come from Holmesdale. I was now bound for Ammering, which now lay at the opposite side.

This was a terrible mistake. It was now past 6 o'clock. One of the three precious hours had elapsed, and I was further from Ammering than when I started. I was seized with dispair; what ever could I do now? Two hours remained, and I had three up-hill miles to ride, and then about seven more across the moor, before I could reach the junction, and before that the trains might have started, and then—

I burst out into a cold perspiration at the thought, and then, desperate and only half conscious, I rode madly back to the Ammering road and up the hill again. But the storm fiend was abroad, and had arrayed all his forces against me.

As we gained the more open ground, the blast came down with such violence as to stagger us. It tore across the hill-side, and whizzed and hissed among the gorse and swaying grass. The rain came down more determinedly than ever. At length I reached a small cluster of stone cottages, and halted under the lee of the last one to take breath for a fresh struggle over the moor which lay before me. A strait road lay over it—a good road, but crossed at intervals by rapid streams which had overflowed their usual limits, and swelled over their boundaries in all the pride of "spate" across the flinty stones which had defied them all the summer long. The summits of the neighboring hills were shrouded in a veil of mist, but far in advance, on the level, I could trace the railroad line. From the elevation at which I stood I could trace the channel of the Apps River down the valley, and could guess the spot at which the flood would strike the railroad and the branch line over the spur of the hill. I could just distinguish the junction in the middle distance. A dark smoke appeared to be rising from it; an engine, perhaps, waiting to start with a train, and I was lingering on the hill. All this, and more, I could perceive as I rested on the summit. Somewhat refreshed, I rode manfully forward into the storm.

How my horse kept his feet I do not to this day understand. The wind, which had been high before, appeared to have gathered new force while we had halted, and it rushed across the track terrifically. Pebbles were frequently blown across the road, and every pool had its waves, like a miniature sea. Some helpless crows were blown over my head, and a sinister-looking raven skimmed the moor close by, uttering a weird croak which fell upon my ears like a knell and chilled my blood. I was quite alone, not a human being in sight, but suddenly the whistle of a locomotive was carried to my ears. An engine moved out of the station. Another whistle shortly afterward. The train was safe. I watched it glide away over the viaduct. Five minutes later I rode into the station and called for the station master. As I dismounted the clock struck eight. The time was up, and no signal from M'Causland. Telegraphing would now be easy. A porter came out in response to my summons.

"I'm sorry ye lost the express," he began.

"I don't want the train," I replied; "I must telegraph at once, though. Where is the station-master?"

"He'll be here in a minute. But ye can't telegraph. The wire is blown down. We had to send a "pilot" with the express to clear the line up to Handleigh."

"No telegraph! I tell you, man, I must stop the traffic. The South Holmesdale Reservoir will burst this very hour."

"Can that be true?" inquired a cool, gentlemanly man at my elbow. It was the station-master himself.

"True!" I echoed. "It is only too true. I have ridden to tell you. We must stop the trains."

"The excursion leaves Handleigh at 8:5," mused the station-master. "There may be time; come with me." He crossed the line and entered the shed opposite. I followed. Just then a loud booming rent the air. The sound came back from the hills like thunder.

"It is the signal," I exclaimed. "The water is out. Heaven help us now!"

The station-master called out. A cleaner appeared. "Is that engine ready?"

"Yes, sir, waiting for the excursion."

"Run and open the points—Now, sir, get up."

I obeyed mechanically, and before I quite realized the situation we had crossed to the up line. The station master stopped to get a red flag and give a few instructions to his subordinate. I now perceived that we were to race the flood. Steam versus water. Which would conquer?

A whistle: we started. "The flood! the flood!" shouted the porter: We turned one glance up the valley. A moving brown wall, capped with a snowy ridge, was tearing down to the devoted viaduct. No time to lose. "Go ahead!" cried the station-mater. I turned on steam, put the lever over another "notch," and the race began in earnest.

We flew along the metals. A few minutes would decide it. We must get to the viaduct and over it first, or the excursion, unwarned, would dash to destruction. A depression in the ground ran beside the railroad for a short distance. We trusted to this to turn the velocity of the approaching water. It was an exciting race and one never to be forgotten. On rolled the flood. We were running "neck to neck" for one terrible minute. Now the relentless flood bore directly to the bridge. Stones rolled before it like marbles. Trunks of trees, hay-stacks, debris of every description, came headlong down upon the doomed structure. We fled like lightning over the rails. Our speed told now. Sparks flew from the chimney. Another "notch" —the beat of the piston quickened to an almost inconceivable rapidity. We were on the bridge. Hurrah! The curling wave beneath seemed to spring forward. It broke against the butteresses. In a second we were across. I shut off steam, the station-master put down the brakes. A tearing, rending sound that was not the brakes—a crash! We looked back. The line dropped behind us like a stage trap. Then the bridge gave way, and, with a roar that was heard two miles off the pretty viaduct was swept away by the boiling, furious water.

We were truly thankful for our narrow escape. And now to save the excursion. Speeding forward again, whistling like a demon, our good engine—Vigilant by name—soon came in sight of the excursion train. By waving our red flag we averted another danger—a collision. The telegraph poles being down, trains had to run upon the same line as far as Handleigh, but our timely action set all to rights at last.

We soon gave the bewildered passengers to understand the narrow escape they had had. Fervent and sincere were the thanks received from all, except one man. He was escaping from justice and was captured. From the elevated embankment we could track the course of the flood for miles. The train put down to Handleigh, whence the passengers were forwarded to another company.

By the time we had arranged matters and returned to the broken viaduct, the water had subsided. The work of destruction was complete, but a "breakdown" gang was constructed across the muddy river-bed, and trains stopped at both sides of the stream, the passengers exchanging from one to the other.

The loss of cattle and farm product caused by that terrible flood was very great. Had the catastrophe occurred during the night, the loss of human life would have been appalling. As it was, some unfortunate people were drowned, but some had most marvelous escapes. The aspect of the country as I retraced my steps was deplorable; I could scarcely recognize the places I had passed in the morning.

I found M'Caulsland and his staff at the reservoir awaiting me. He wrung my hand fervently, and said certain words that I shall not easily forget.

The viaduct was quickly rebuilt, but the station-master at Ammering does not forget that race of Steam versus Water on the Vigilant locomotive.

Nor do I.—*Selected.*

Facts for the Curious.

The greyhound runs by the eyesight only, and this we observe as a fact. The carrier-pigeon flies his two hundred and fifty miles homeward by eyesight—namely, from point to point of objects which he has marked; but this is only our conjecture. The fierce dragon-fly, with twelve thousand lenses in his eyes, darts from angle to angle with the rapidity of a flashing sword, and as rapidly darts back, not turning in the air, but with a clash reversing the action of his wings, and instantaneously calculating the distance of the objects, or he would dash himself to pieces. But in what conformation of the eye does this exist? No one can answer.

A cloud of ten thousand gnats dance up and down in the sun, the minutest interval between them, yet no one knocks another headlong upon the grass or breaks a leg or wing, long and delicate as they are. Suddenly amid your admiration of this matchless dance, a peculiarly high-shouldered, vicious knat, with long, pendant nose, darts out the rising and falling cloud, and settling on your cheek, inserts a poisonous sting. What possesses the little wretch to do this? Did he smell your blood in the mazy dance? No one knows.

A carriage comes suddenly upon a flock of geese on a narrow road, and drives straight through the middle of them. A goose was never yet fairly run over, nor a duck. They are under the very wheels and hoofs, and yet somehow they contrive to flap and waddle safely off. Habitually stupid, heavy and indolent, they are nevertheless equal to the emergency.

Why does the lonely woodpecker, when he descends his tree and goes to drink, stop several times on his way, listen and look round before he takes his draught? No one knows. How is it that the species of ant, which is taken in battle by other ants to be made slaves, should be black, or negro ants? No one knows.

The power of judging of actual danger, and the free and easy boldness which result from it, are by no means uncommon. Many birds seem to have a most correct notion of a gun's range, and while scrupulously careful to keep beyond it, confine their care to this caution, though the most obvious resource would be to fly right away out of sight and hearing, which they do not choose to do. And they sometimes appear to make even an ostentatious use of their power, fairly putting their wits and cleverness in antagonism to that of man for the benefit of their fellows. We lately read an account, by a naturalist in Brazil, of an expedition he made to one of the islands of the Amazon to shoot spoonbills, ibises and other of the magnificent grallatorial birds which were most abundant there. His design was completely baffled, however, by a wretched little sandpiper, that preceded him, continually uttering his tell-tale cry, which at once aroused all the birds within hearing. Throughout the day did this individual bird continue his self-imposed duty of sentinel to others, effectually preventing the approach of the fowler to the game, and yet managing to keep out of the range of his gun.

Moses and Ingersoll.

The "Mistakes of Moses" have been so frequently discussed that one is surprised a brilliant lecturer should accept so stale a theme. Many of our readers will remember the attack made by Colenso, who issued a volume on this subject. He certainly did the best in his power to damage Moses, and yet the latter still lives. Perhaps he will continue to live, notwithstanding Ingersoll's wonderful exposure of these "mistakes." If Ingersoll were an honest man he would give Moses credit for some points which certainly command general approval. When we see this alleged blunderer making laws which protect the poor by enjoining payment of wages; which guard human life; which protect the stranger; which forbid bribery, even in the matter of a gift; which command kindness to the gleaner and sympathy for the widow and orphan, then I ask, should he not be credited with them? That Ingersoll omits these points, while trying to make out a case against the old lawgiver, is, perhaps, the best proof of his weakness. He merely presents what he may consider to be the unfavorable side of the question, and he dare not admit that even this so-called "unfavorable side" has been explained and justified by some of the ablest and modern scientists.—"*Hermit,*" *Troy Times.*

Dissemination of Yellow Fever.

How is the disease disseminated? In two ways: In a given town or city, by a slow and regular progression from house to house; between distant places by following the line of travel and commerce. It is carried with especial frequency by sailing ships, and generally makes its first appearance in a previously healthy place near the dock and wharves. Whether the part of the town nearest the water happens to be a clean or a dirty quarter, a rich or a poor one, makes no difference. Clean streets do not check the disease nor does foulness favor its spreading. In 1857 the yellow fever prevailed in that part of New Orleans which was by official report, "in the best possible sanitary condition," and in no other, though the rest of the city was and had been for years almost indescribably filthey. The germs of the disease are portable, like bulk in freight, and they will take root in any soil. They lurk in baggage cars, in boxes and in clothing, in any loose-textured substance that is closely shut up, as even in cargoes of sugar. In porous materials like these—*fomities*, as physicians call them—the poison will hide and ripen for some two months' time, and develop its fullest strength of infection. A parcel sent from New Orleans may start an epidemic of yellow fever in Boston or Quebec.

The disease is one hot climates and of low alluvial ground by preference, though any kind of soil will do for it, and any elevation above the sea-level that is not to great for the degree of heat required. The degree is a daily average, continued for some weeks together, of 77 to 80 degrees Fahrenheit—a temperature which is reached for a month or more together, and exceeded, during our more than torrid summers, in almost any of our towns and cities from Florida to Maine. Yellow fever has prevailed as far north even as Quebec, and may extend as far again in the future.

Of the mysterious way in which the disease travels from house to house, a living messenger of death, we know little. Science has not yet been able to seize upon the secret of its cause, which in all cases is probably the same, though some observers think that there are two distinct forms of the disease. Is it in a microscopic plant or insect, too small, however, for detection by the highest magnifying power yet at our command, that its exciting cause exists? That is probable. It is supposed that these germs enter the blood and destroy it by a process comparable to that which is set up in yeast by fermentation. It has been suggested, very plausibly, that this living germ can enter the human body only at a particular stage of its own growth, and that when it has completed its own career by multiplying there, it has no power to leave that body and invade the sanctuary of another life. This theory would account for the non-contagiousness of the disese.—*Dr. Coan, in Harper's.*

"Making Up."

You are surprised, and doubtless feel quite aggrieved, that she does not readily "make up" with you, after the "late unpleasantness."

But, my dear sir, all that "depends." If she is yet the petted, exacting "sweetheart," or the frivolous wife, who tries your soul, or still more to the purpose, your pocket, by her vagaries and foolish whims, you need not feel disheartened at her refusal of your advances in this "making up" business, for she may have her little point to gain; but, if she is the true wife, who has only yourself and the children for her object in life—if husband and home and the joys that center there have been her world—then, if she does not appreciate, or meet cordially your advances, it *is* a matter for consideration.

And, the longer the time she has been such a wife, the more serious the matter becomes. "Let by-gones be by-gones" does not wipe out injuries ininflicted, moments and years embittered, harsh words uttered without cause in the eyes or the heart of a woman who has the consciousness of having fulfilled all her duties toward you, and who, as the days pass on, will surely feel her heart growing daily farther from you.

You have, perchance, grown careless, and, even after all these years, you have unfolded to her knowledge some unworthy trait of your character; and believe me, the longer the wifely confidence has been established, the greater the esteem and affection in which she has held you, the more complete will be the wreck of the fair structure of a wife's trust, when it falls. As her love for you has been perfect, so will the loathing for you, which shall fill the place of the dead love, be complete. Of the greatest love, can be born the most deadly hate. Do not for a moment fall into the error of supposing that because "this woman" is your wife, her heart will be always true to you in your unworthiness. It is an impossibility in human nature.

Why should there be "by-gones"?

Beware of them when they have caused the face that smild on you once to turn toward you no more, and the eyes that have looked kindly on you to give no signs at your coming. Beware, lest you shock her woman's soul with a revelation of your own; for, though you may affirm in your recklessly defiant way, that the hurt is "not as deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door," if you do not have a care, when you "ask for her on the morrow," and all the coming morrows of your life, you will find a grave woman.

The Burlington *Hawkeye* has a good many peculiar notions. One of its notions is that the churches should have as good music as the beer gardens. When they do, we dare say you will occassionally find the *Hawkeye* at church.—*Sioux City Journal.*

THE WINTERS ADVOCATE.

EDITOR,............Dr C NORWOOD

SATURDAY........DEC. 14 1878

CALENDAR FOR NOVEMBER

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
....	....	....	....	....	1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	5	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26		28	29	30
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LIST OF YOLO CO. POSTOFFICES.

Woodland, [County Seat]	Louis Walker
Winters	L. Moody
Grafton	S. J. Fryatt
Yolo	F. Wherry
Davisville	L. C. Drummond
Madison	Henry Craner
Capay	E. E. Perkins
Black's Station	C. S Huston
Dunnigan	Z J. Brown
Plainfield	A. Woldorf

Hard Times a Blessing.

How many men or women, out of the millions on millions that inhabit God's green earth will acknowledge the above text to be true? Are there any? Is there a single one that can forget self sufficiently long to acknowledge the truthfulness of the above text? All, al. seem to vie together in sending up one universal moan or complaint about the hard times,as though everyone else was to blame for it but ourselves; while the exact reverse is true. We, individually, are to blame or responsible for the hard times, and this reveals another truism: That it is "not what we earn, but what we save" that makes us rich. Prodigality is the mother of all evil and the "step-mother" of hard times. While we have plenty, prodigality continues, and we do not feel its effects; nevertheless the effect is being produced, and sooner or later its blighting effects are felt,and hard times,

"Comes knocking at the door."

How many millions there are who will labor for a few months under the burning sun, or in the frozen snow, earning a few dollars or a few hundred dollars, and then take their money and go into one of those whiskey dens (which are so common in this country) and never leave it until the last dollar is put up for whiskey or on a poker game—and then curse the fates and the hard times, because they havn't more to squander,when, if they had invested their money in interest-bearing bonds and continued their labor for four or five year's continuining to invest each year, they would have sufficient income, with very little effort, to support themselves comfortably, and would scarcely know when hard times come.

Then work with a will and cease to complain.
Save all your earnings and earn what you can.
Forsake all your habits of recreant life,
And you'll soon see the prosperous, beautiful, bright side of life.

Hard times will not affect a resolute will;
Keep praying, keep punching, keep work until
You have saved from your earnings enough to get loose
From that nightmare, ' hard times" bugaboo goose.

Bridge Measured By Our Legal Talent:

AND WHAT,S THE MATTER.

It is astonishing, in this day and age of the world, what wonders are being brought to light in all callings, all professions, all departments of life. The same disparity exists, the same inequality, in matters of worth. Where one accumulates property and becomes a millionare, nine hundred and ninety-nine in a thousand fail. So in mechanism; where one succeeds, becomes master of his profession, nine hundred and ninety-nine make total failure; and you will find this class of men foremost in their pretensions,always knowing more than anybody else, and yet were never known to do a job without making a perfect botch of it. You will find these men even among the clergy,promising great revelations, even to showing you how you can get just what communications you want from the Unseen. These men, without regard to name or the station they occupy, are the greatest failures of all, with "one exception." Every school teacher is supposed to be the best, particularly if they have the means to buy a first-class certificate. Physicians fall under the same rule.

The greater the blow,
The less they know.

Merchants, whose innocence is always used as a shield, and who advertise to sell goods "under cost," are a failure, and prove to be the veriest robbers that live. The lawyer (who is the "exception" named above), who supposes the earth could not well exist without him, is brim full of conceit and "cussedness", and the more ignorant he is, the greater will be his efforts to get himself before the people. We have a sample before us, which we propose to measure, "bridge measure," according to his own figures. The legal talent of our beautiful little city was brought into requisition on the first day of December, 1878, as recorded in the Dixon Tribune of Dec. 7th. He starts out thusly: "Editor Tribune —Owing to the fact that our two M. D.'s are so preoccupied with the abstract principles of dental surgery and the relative thickness of a genuine ghost, that they have and seem to persist in refusing to give to their readers an account of our bridge," etc. By the above, our readers will observe that the "legal light" under consideration wishes to cast a slur both upon the profession and the beliefs of the M. D.'s, and to make the people believe that they are derelict in duty. Thus, by holding a vail before the eyes of the people, he would succeed in fooling a few of his own ilk, and while looking at the monster neglect of the M. D.'s, they would not discover the utter inability of the writer to give a correct description of anything. Were it not for correcting these many errors, and by these corrections giving the people a true statement in regard to the construction of our bridge, we should not have noticed the above item at all. Our readers will know that the accusation is untrue, for, weeks ago, we gave our readers the general plan, or principle, upon which the bridge was to be built, and each week, since that time, have published an item showing the progress thereof. We did not presume to say just how much it would bear up, or how little it would tremble when finished. We preferred to wait until it was completed and tested; then we could judge better and give a reliable statement.

A novice, you will ever find prejudging. He can tell you just what kind of a harness will be made, by the looks of the hide on the horse, or what kind of a buggy it will be, by the looks of the timber and the iron.

Now to the description as given by this "shining light," as contrasted with the facts in the case: First, he gravely tells us "the bridge proper will be 350 feet long, eighteen feet wide at the top, and something over 40 feet high from the stream that it spans." The facts are, that the length is 320 feet, width on the inside, 19 feet 9 inches, height from centre of stream to top of track, 32 feet. Again, he tells us: "the piling is of cedar, and is eighteen inches square, each pile containing over one thousand feet, lumber measure, and costing the C. P. R. R! Company in the neighborhood of $40 each delivered on the ground." What are the facts? The piles forming the three piers in the centre are fifteen inches square, and those forming the two abutments at the ends are but twelve inches square, and instead of their being bought cubic measure, ("lumber measure," as he calls it,) it is bought by lineal measure, costing 20 cents a foot for every foot in length; so that the longest piece, which was fifty-five feet, only cost eleven dollars, instead of the "legal light's estimate of $40, and the cost was to the V. V. R. R., instead of C P. R. R; quite a difference. He says that the piles were driven in twenty feet. The facts are, a majority of them were driven fifteen and sixteen feet: We now pass over a portion of the non-essential errors, and come to a "bull of another color." He says; "It is calculated that the railroad track will be laid precisely in the centre of the eighteen-foot top surface of the bridge, and that a wagon track will 'straddle' 'a rail' on each side of the railroad track! in fact it is to be a 'fac-simile' of the Sacramento bridge, only 'a little smaller.' What beats us is, the propriety of having "a rail on each side of the railroad track," for a wagon to go astride of (or to "straddle," as he terms it),is beyond our comprehension, and we doubt its being in the bridge contract. Had he said the wagons were designed to go astride of the rail on either side of the track, we should have had a faint conception of what he meant. As to its being a fac-simile of the Sacramento bridge, it is as unlike it as a gamble-roofed barn is to one with a roof perfectly flat. The Sacramento bridge is after the "Howe" plan, top straight all the way through,while this is upon the "straining beam truss" plan. The caps, instead of running straight through, run down to the sill upon each pier and abutment, thus acting as a brace and giving strength to the span between the piers, upon which the whole structure rests. The "Howe" plan has the strength of a solid block all the way, over piers and spans alike. Again he says: "The bents are five in number and eight feet apart; each span will be eighty feet long, but will be so braced by the science of bridge building, that there will be hardly a jar felt from a passing train." This bridge, we understand, instead of being braced "by the science of bridge building" will be braced with "wood braces" of Oregon cedar,which are considered far preferable to braces made of "science." Lastly, he tells us that "each bent will be copped (!) together, that is, the eleven piles forming each bent, will be copped by immense Oregon pine cops and wrought iron bolts, so that each bent will virtually be a pier." How each bent can be a pier,when these bents (as he says) are 8 feet apart, and the piers 80, we leave for some other to cipher out. Were we of the workmen, we would object to being called "immense Oregon pine cops (he says "copped BY them")." We presume he meant to say they were CAPPED by immense CAPS of Oregon pine, and even that would be wrong, for there is not a cap put upon the piles. There are ties, girts, or girders, halved onto the sides of the piles, (they are four in number) upon each pier. These ties are set up edgewise, and come up even with the tops of the piles, thus forming a solid bench for the sills and stringers to rest upon ("immense Oregon cops.") We are aware that Oregon is immense, but the "cops" or girders, are only 9x18 inches. Thus we find,out of the whole grand spread, in all the descriptions given (which number over twenty) not one of the whole number was correct. This being true, the people would rather WAIT A LITTLE and have something reliable when it does come.

Finally, we conclude that the letter, as published in the Dixon Tribune, should be printed on vellum, copper-bottomed, and hung in the National Capitol, as a sample of the legal talent in Winters, at the close of the year 1878, and as a warning or caution to all, "not to crowd THE INTELLECT beyond what it can bear," for the sake of obtaining a "L-e g-a-l E-d-i-c-a-t-i-o-n.

GOV. HAMPTON AT HOME.—At the late Gubernatorial election in South Carolina, Gov. Hampton, our candidate for Vice-President received 119,550 votes; all others 231! How is that for popularity? The people down in the Palmetto State want looking after. Hard times for carpet-baggers, these days, in the South. Where are Stanley, Matthews, Sherman and Pinkston, & Co.?

Gov. Hampton was elected to to the U. S. Senate, on the 10th inst., by a triumphant vote. Another evidence of his rising popularity. Gov. H. has had his leg amputated below the knee, but was doing well at last accounts.

If you hear a man railing at a newspaper because it don't suit his peculiar ideas in the treatment of public matters, you can bet your bottom dollar he stole the reading of every copy he ever read. We never knew it to fail yet.

A Suggestive Echo.

She—Your darling sends you a warm LETTER KISS.

He—With many welcome thanks LET HER KISS.

The Next National Campaign—Present Outlook.

Democratic President-makers for 1880 now suggest the propriety of taking their candidates from important doubtful States. This rules Hendricks out, because Indiana is counted sure for the Democracy, and Thurman comes to the front again, because Ohio is so uncertain. It also leads to talk of Pennsylvania Wallace, and revives the hopes of Tilden's friends that if he fails to get the first place on the ticket, Clarkson N. Potter, or some other New Yorker, may get second place with Thurman.—[S. F. Call; Dec 7.

The true interpretation of the above will give a result directly the reverse of what is claimed therein. The very fact that the President- makers are convinced of the "propriety of taking their candidates from important doubtful States," will rule Gov. Hendricks IN instead of out. For it is apparent to every sagacious politician that no other Democratic candidate can be relied upon to carry Indiana, with the present schisms in that State on the currency question. It is well known that at the late Congressional election in Indiana, the delegation were TIED between the Democrats and Republicans; and that the ONE Greenback candidate elected,holds the balance of power between the two principal parties in that delegation. This gentleman (De La Matyr) on being interviewed, since his election, on the question of his preferences for candidates, frankly admitted that Gov. Hendricks would be more acceptable to the people of his way of thinking than any other candidate whose name had been mentioned as a probable candidate. The Greenbackers know they stand no chance of success on that simple, one-idea platform, and would therefore prefer a conservative man on the question of the currency—one who would go to neither extreme, rather than to run the risk of electing a President with the ultra-Republican ideas on that subject.

Hence it will be necessary, in order to make sure of that State for the Democracy, to place Gov. Hendricks on their ticket. As to Ohio, there can be but little doubt that Mr. Hendricks will be as likely to carry that State as will Mr. Thurman, who, by the way, we consider a very safe, able and enlightened statesman. But Mr. Thurman lost his own State (Ohio) at the last Presidential election, and Governor Hendricks carried his, Indiana. And while Gov. Hendricks would be sure of carrying his State at the next Presidential election, we repeat that he would be as likely to carry Ohio as would Senator Thurman. So that, as a matter of expediency, if there were not higher motives, we think the chances are greatly in favor of Gov. Hendricks receiving the nomination, and with it the election. Gov. Hendricks has long been popular,a great favorite in the West, and whether Hendricks or Thurman or Bayard should be the candidate,we have no idea that New York would expect the office of Vice President for that State. No—all will concede, and none more readily than the Democracy of the Empire State that the second office should be given to the "solid South." and who more eligible or more entitled to it, than our own favorite candidate, Gov. Hampton, of South Carolina?

The scarcity of diamonds, gold and silver, and the difficulties met with in securing them, is a sure indication of their value.

Thus it is with a valuable medicine: Dr. Aug Kaiser's celebrated German Pulmonic Elixir, through the jealousy of rivals, has met with the most bitter opposition, and apparently almost insurmountable obstacles have been thrown,in its way; but its opponents might as well try to change the course of the sun, sweep back the Ocean with a broom, or put out a prairie fire with a tear.

For the cure of Throat and Lung Diseases, such as Coughs, Colds, Consumption and Bronchial Affections, it is unequalled. Its cures are truly magical. Ask your druggist, Thomas Keefe, for it. The genuine bears the Prussian coat of arms, the fac-simile signature of Dr. Aug. Kaiser, and has his name blown on every 75 cent bottle. Trial bottle, 25 cents.

Gov. Hampton's Accident.

As the telegraph has given us but a brief notice of the accident that happened to Gov. Hampton, about a month since, we give the following details, from an Eastern paper:

Gov. Wade Hampton met with a serious accident on the 7th ult., while out hunting deer, by which he had a leg broken just above the ankle. The Governor had agreed to meet some friends at a point about 16 miles from Columbia, for the purpose of driving deer, and when he reached the camp, about three o'clock yesterday afternoon, he found that all the party had gone on the hunt. Knowing the stands; and where he was expected to join in the hunt, he mounted a large mule which had been left at the camp, and started to take his position, a few hundred yards distant. As soon as he arrived at the place designated for him, a deer came by, in full chase, and the Governor fired his gun, which frightened the mule. The bridle broke, and he jumped off the animal to the ground. In the fall his leg was broken, as already stated. Both bones were broken and protruded through the flesh. It is a horrible wound, and will prove more serious on account of Gov. Hampton's illness this Fall, from which he has never fully recovered.

After the accident, the Governor fired his gun many times and blew his horn frequently, to get the assistance of his friends, but none of the supposed that there was anything serious, thinking it was some one not included in their party, as they were not aware of his presence in the woods. After an hour or so, one of his friends insisted on finding out what was the matter, and going in the direction of the firing, discovered the Gov. lying prostrate on the ground, with his head against a tree, and his hat thrown over the bleeding wound. Surgical aid was at once summoned from the city, and the Governor was brought here at a late hour last night. The accident was not known to the public until this morning, and great regret is expressed by everyone, as serious results are feared, on account of the Governor's age and recent sickness. He is doing very well this morning, however, and has not lost his cheerfulness under the severe pain.

We are great lovers of truth; consequently of true, faithful, energetic men. In this category we would place the engineers and foreman of our new bridge. They are assiduous workers; everything moves smoothly, quietly and harmoniously, and yet, with the utmost speed. For two or three days, they have encountered serious difficulties in the fierce north winds, causing their instruments to tremble and move from their position, yet, with these difficulties, they are progressing remarkably well.

A Sample of California Raisins

Through the courtesy of F. C. Chadbourne, Esq., we have received a box of raisins, of the Whitney brand, from the factory of the California Raisin Company at Rocklin. To merely mention the name of the gentleman whose name is on the box, is a sufficient recommendation of the quality of the article, not only on this coast, but throughout the Eastern States The sample in question is certainly of the choicest quality. They possess a freshness of flavor seldom found in any of the imported varieties. We are glad to learn that the quantity of raisins cured in this State, during the past season, is considerably larger than during any previous year It is gratifying to note the increasing favor with which they are received in this and Eastern markets. It would not be long, we imagine, before there would be a steady home and foreign demand for California raisins, if they were cured in such abundance as to supply the current trade. It is said that the cost of picking and curing grapes is much less than manufacturing them into wine, while the product is more readily marketable. We have often thought it a little singular that our viniculturists do not turn their attention to raisin curing, when there is so much complaint about the want of a market for their grapes. A Sonoma farmer says he can realize a much better profit by disposing of his crop in this manner, and selling his raisins at fifteen cents per pound, than selling his grapes to the wine makers. There is a wide field for pursuing this industry in this State. It is estimated, by good judges, that there 8,000 000 acres of land especially adapted to grape culture. The future of the California Raisin Company is most promising, when the fact is taken into consideration that the Whitney brand is made from grapes grown on vines two or three years old only.—Resources of California.

An aristocratic papa, on being requested by a rich and vulgar young fellow for permission "to marry one of his girls,,' gave this rather crushing reply, "Certainly; which would you prefer, the waitress, or the cook?"

NEW ANNOUNCEMENT!!

ON THE FIRST DAY OF JAN., 1879,

WE SHALL DISCONTINUE

OUR CREDIT SYSTEM

AND DO ALL BUSINESS ON A

CASH BASIS,

Believing this is the only way to place Cash and Credit Customers on equality. We shall therefore
MARK ALL GOODS DOWN TO CASH FIGURES
By that time. It will be our aim to compete with all dealers in quality of Goods and Prices, and to sell at
THE LOWEST POSSIBLE FIGURES.
If, by agreement, Credit shall be given,
Interest will be charged on All Bills, after a Specified Time.
WE HAVE ADOPTED CASH CHECKS
To use in our business, and are confident that our customers WILL FIND IT TO THEIR ADVANTAGE to use them in payment for Goods.

HARLING, LOWRY & Co.

WINTERS, Dec 14, 1878

MISCELLANEOUS.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

District Judge	S C. Denson
Court Reporter	Wm. J. Davis
Court Commissioner	R. P. Davinson
County Judge	E. R Bush
Sheriff	Casey Barney
Under Sheriff	J. E. Maitby
Clerk and Auditor	D. M. Burns
Deputy Clerk	G N Freeman
Recorder	R. W Megowen
Deputy Recorder	J. N. Newell
District Attorney	C H Garoutte
Assessor	R H. Beamer
Treasurer and Tax Collector	A C Kean
School superintendent	H. B Pendegast
Surveyor	James O'Farrell
Public Administrator	S L. Munda
Coroner	P. Krellenber

F. B. CHANDLER,
DEALER IN
LUMBER,
AND ALL KINDS OF
BUILDING MATERIAL,
Elmira, Solano Co , Winters, Yolo Co., and Madison, Yolo Co. California.

ALL OUR STOCK PURCHASED DIRECT FROM THE MANUFACTURERS. nov24-tf

WOOD!! WOOD!

One-Half Cord of Good Wood Will Pay for the ADVOCATE for ONE YEAR.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE TO THE ADVOCATE.

SEND IN YOUR SUBSCRIPTION FOR VOLUME 4, COMMENCING NOVEMBER 2ND, 1878

SILVEY'S HOTEL.

Suisun, Solano Co , Cal.

FRANK SILVEY, - Proprietor.

GOOD BOARD,

COMFORTABLE ROOMS,

MODERATE CHARGES.

Persons Coming to Suisun Will find it to their especial interest to call on me.

A well supplied Bar in the House.

s14-tf

WINTERS ADVERTISEMENTS.

Occidental Hotel,

CORNER ABBY AND RAILROAD STREETS, WINTERS, CAL.

D. P. EDWARDS, : Proprietor

HAVING TAKEN POSSESSION OF This Favorite Hotel I AM NOW PREPARED TO OFFER THE TRAVELING AND RESIDENT PUBLIC, First-Class Board. LARGE AND WELL FURNISHED ROOMS BY THE DAY OR WEEK.

The Table WILL BE AT ALL TIMES SUPPLIED WITH THE BEST THE MARKET AFFORDS.

No Chinese Cooks Employed.
feb23-tf

Parker House

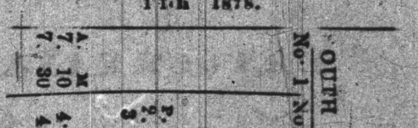
RAILROAD STREET, BET. MAIN AND RUSSELL, WINTERS.

FIRST-CLASS Board and Lodging —BY THE— DAY OR WEEK, AT REASONABLE RATES

AT THE BAR CAN ALWAYS BE FOUND THE CHOICEST WINES, LIQUORS, AND CIGARS.
jel-tf

HARLING, LOWRY & CO.,
DEALERS IN
DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES,
CLOTHING,
BOOTS AND SHOES.
And in fact every thing that is to be found in a well regulated General Merchandise Store.
PURCHASERS OF
Wool and Grain.

TIME TABLE



V. V. AND C. L. R. R.
TO TAKE EFFECT MONDAY, NOV. 11th 1878.

SOUTH No. 1	No. 3		NORTH No. 2	No. 4
A. M.	P. M.		A. M.	P. M.
[illegible]	[illegible]	Dept. Madison, arrive	12.30	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Winters, Dept	11.50	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Allendale,	[illegible]	[illegible]
7.10	4.10	Vacaville,	11.00	8.10
7.30	4.30	Arrive Elmira,	10.40	7.40

THE WINTERS ADVOCATE.

THE REGULAR MEETING OF DAMOCLES LODGE NO 33 K P takes place every 1st and 3rd THURSDAY of each month, at 7 o'clock, sharp.

By the order of
EDWARD FISHER, C C.
W. P. WOMACK, K of R and S.
n 16 8- tf.

POST OFFICE NOTICE.

Mail closes daily at the Post Office at Winters for Madison and Capay at 11:30 o'clock, A. M. daily.

For Sacramento, North and East, and San Francisco, South and West, daily at 2:50 o'clock P. M.

OFFICE HOURS.

Post Office open from 7 o'clock A. M. to 5 P. M. and 7 o'clock, P. M. to 9 P. M.

ON SUNDAYS,

Open from 8 o'clock A. M. to 10 o'clock A. M.

dec1 LORENZO MOODY, Postmaster.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

SABBATH SERVICES.—Rev. Mr. Culton will preach at the C P. Church every Sunday, morning and evening at the usual hours. Sabbath School at 9 A. M. Prayer meeting, Wednesday evenings. Choir meeting Saturday evenings. of the month.

Services at the Christian Church second and fourth Sundays of each month by Elder Dunton.

"Got a cold,"
But how, is what's the matter;
"Got a pain"
In the region of the st-bladder
"Got a bite,"
From what, you couldn't guess.
"Got a bill;"
But who will square the mess?
"Got a kick"
From the son of a gun of a pup.
"Got a drive"
From a creature way, high, up.
"Got a call"
From a cuss we cannot suit.
"Got a look"
From a surly looking brute.
"Got a wink"
From a toper and a shover.
"Got a notion;"
Better stop and think it over.
"Got a half,"
Jingling in our pocket now.
"Got a place,"
By saving every sou.
"Got a sum"
For all young men to do.
"Got it all"
And what,s that to you?

One by One

The puisnes are returning to the kennel, the Sodom of Winters.
The puissant festive rose
Once blossomed fresh and fair,
And shed its rich perfume all around.
While the nectarean odor
Blinded victims all around,
The "Festive" run his "rooter" in the ground.

The high winds make the sides of our office "give and take" like a heavey horse, when over driven, and makes the editor sw—pray like the Black Hills gold hunters before they "strike ile." Dorothy A[illegible] says it's all for the best, as everything has its "purafytn' afect."

Our typo, who set up the "Editor's Guests," in our last issue, inadvertently failed to give it credit, but the people are so familiar with the poems of "Will Carleton," that they will understand to whom credit is due.

Give it to him, Bro. Democrat; it's good enough for him, proper credit should always be given, but as we have explained elsewhere, the poem is so universally known as Will Carleton's, that few would think of charging us with cribbing, even without credit.

ALMOST A FIRE.—At the Occidental Hotel, last Sunday evening, as Mr. George Woods, the clerk, was handling a candle, and, so he says, giving it one "grande flourishe," it evidently came in contact with the lace curtains at the window, "and," said he, "it went like lightning," burning the curtain, scorching the cornice over the window,
Blackening the walls,
And burning two shawls,
Ere they extinguished the fire. No insurance reported.

John Maxwell, a young man who hired a livery team at Dixon, a short time since, and from some unknown cause, started for for some unknown point, was followed by the Sheriff and overtaken at Alen, Modoc county, and is now at Fairfield, awaiting examination. A young man must certainly be insane to start out on such a wild goose chase.

Fun for the Young Folks

Last Monday evening, the trio of blind musicians who performed in Sackett's Hall last Saturday evening, repeated their entertainment. After the performance and the collection taken up to defray expenses, a novel mode of "raising the wind" was introduced. They offered a guitar to the girl or young lady who should be declared the most popular by receiving the greatest number of votes, the price of each vote being ten cents. At first the voting was not very spirited, but soon the boys clubbed together, like "bulls" and "bears" at the Stock Board, and each party bought several dollars' worth of tickets for their respective favorites, they being Miss Ish and Miss Hord. The result was a tie vote, and again they rallied, and a large amount was raised. The votes were cast and the "bulls" won, Miss Hord thus getting the guitar. It seems the decision was upon the "stock plan;" the longest purses win.

Passed To Higher Life.

From Davisville, on Sunday, the 8th inst., Mr. Abiel Briggs, aged about 55 years. Mr. Briggs came to this coast about three years ago, and took charge of one of his brother's vineyards, which lies opposite to Winters, on Putah Creek. He was successful, and gained sufficient knowledge of grape culture to warrant him in buying his brother's vineyard here, and last season added over a hundred acres of new sets. Having made arrangements for his son to occupy his place here he moved to Davisville, some three weeks since, to take charge of his brother's place near that point, but had scarcely got settled when he was called over the river. Our acquaintance with Mr. Briggs was of the most pleasant character, and we deeply sympathise with the family in their bereavement.

Be Very Particular

And read Harling, Lowry & Co's new advertisement, and don't get on a high horse, say, "it's all fudge, all gammon;" but go and give them a fair trial, "the proof of the pudding is in chewing the string." Don't attempt to judge of a matter until you have informed yourself sufficiently to judge intelligently. The plan which this firm propose to adopt is the basis which every successful merchant must adopt in order to give to their customers an equivalent for their money. They are issuing cash checks, five per cent. discount, instead of charging cash customers to help make up failures on the credit system. We have had a sample of the ruinous effects of the credit system, both upon the merchant and the people; let us learn a lesson therefrom, a lesson of economy. Don't fail to call on Harling & Lowry, and see for yourselves.

MRS. TILTON AND BEECHER,—Mrs. Tilton has recently been expelled from Beecher's church in Brooklyn. Why? Because of her intercourse with Beecher? No; but for TELLING OF IT. Served her right,

"The Lord loveth a cheerful giver,'—but there's no use chucking a copper cent into the contribution box loud enough to make the folks on the back seat think the communion service has tumbled off the altar.

Americans not much given to titles, but there is a universal demand for an "honest count" on election day.

An Olean squirrel is credited with having carried off in one week 32 bushels of buckwheat and eight bushels of corn, and hid the same in a lot of sap buckets in the woods.

"What a lesson for the tramp"

The California woodpecker's habit of dropping acorns and other nuts into knot holes and hollow trees, as a source of future supply, is well known, and an ingenious Napa farmer has turned it to good account by knocking out a knot in his barn and placing a trough underneath. As the birds drop their acorns in, his hogs sieze them; and are thus fattened at no expense to himself.—[Ex.

The above reminds us of a story much like it; and (if true) shows how dangerous it is for a man to knock the knots out of the upper part of his barn. My informant said: "I once knew a child that fell from the cellar into the garret, and stuck 'a knot hole' into its eye.

Sash Wolfskill shipped, on Tuesday last, 2,100 oranges, picked from two trees, leaving several hundred upon the trees; he has quite a number of large trees, which are very prolific, and his brother, John Wolfskill, has quite a large orchard, from which they can ship oranges from four to six weeks earlier than from Los Angeles;

Mr. T. H. Hyatt has an orange in his possession, which he picked two years ago the first of this month, from the orchard of Mr. John Wolfskill, and it is perfectly sound.

The exhibition of the Winters Public School will come off next Friday, December 20th.

Just as we were going to press, a man in the last agonies of despair rushed into our office, and begged piteously for us to help him bring to justice a raiding party, who were so ungracious as to rush into his bachelor home, on Thursday evening last, without a moment's warning, bringing with them every conceivable good thing to eat and drink, and made themselves at home generally. What makes it look suspicious is, the raiders were headed by our minister, H. C. Culton; and Uncle Craig says he shall hold him and the following heads of families, together with their families, responsible for all damage done. The names of the guilty parties are: H. C. Culton, W. B. Ball, O. P. Fassett, Peter Lareu, A. H. Brunson, John Emery, and their families, to the tune of eighteen in number. Uncle says he was so excited that he rushed and "robbed a beehive," in hopes of pacifying them, and then he happened to remember the old couplet, "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," and he rushed and got a team and went and got an organ, and soon the music had the desired effect. The "lions and the lambs became reconciled and a general good feeling prevailed. Uncle got calmed down while telling his story, so that he finally remarked, "Do it some more." Whether he wished them to repeat the raid upon his neighbors, or whether he had become reconciled to his fate, become reckless, and "didn't care a darn." "witness sayeth not." Something ought to be done.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

ALL MEMBERS OF DAMOCLES LODGE NO. 33, K of P., are respectfully requested to be present at the next meeting, Thursday evening Dec. 19, as important business is to be transacted.

EDWARD FISHER, C. C.

BORN.

ISH—Near Winters, Dec. 11, to John Ish and wife, a daughter.
Bell reports all doing well.

Special to the Farmers.

We are authoritively informed that the trains on the V. V. R. R. will not be delayed an hour in consequence of the bridge across Putah, as it will be laid in sections, so that the track can be connected at any hour the train is due.

Mr. Harris, who had his leg broken by the fall of a windlass upon him, is convalescing. That young wife of his has marvellous curative powers.

Fire at Vacaville, in C. F. Eaton's store, Dutton's building. Cause—filling a lamp near the stove and letting the lamp fall, so that the contents reached the fire in the stove. Result—conflagration. Windows were broken by the flames, and at this critical moment, Ed. Fisher, of Blum's store, rushed in, with "his Babcock" in his hand, and extinguished the flames. Damage to goods, $200; damage to building, $100.

How Thomas Betrayed Himself.

When Thomas drove up to deliver the usual quart of mixture, the gentleman of the house kindly enquired;

"Thomas, how many quarts of milk do you deliver?"

"Ninety-one, sir."

The gentleman made some remarks about an early spring, the close of the war and the state of the roads, and then asked:

"Say, Thomas, how much milk per day do your cows average?"

"Seven quarts, sir."

"Ah! yes! said the gentleman, as he moved off

Thomas looked after him, scratched his head, and all at once grew pale, as he pulled out a short pencil and began to figure on the wagon cover,

"Nine cows is nine, and I set down seven quarts under the cows and mu tidily. That's sixty-three quarts of milk. I told him I sold ninety-one quarts per day. Sixty-three from ninety-one leaves twenty-eight and none to carry. Now, where do I get the rest of the milk? I'll be hanged if I haven't given myself away to one of my best customers by leaving a durned big cavity in these figgers to be filled with water!"

Visitors Coming to California.

From reliable sources of information, we learn that proprietors of the principal hotels, in many of the interior towns of the State, are in receipt of letters from parties in the Eastern States, and even in Europe, in which the writers make inquiries concerning the accommodations to be obtained for visitors who desire to remain through the winter. Many others have written, engaging rooms in the hotels for the winter months. This would seem to indicate that many of our beautiful interior towns will be well supplied with visitors the coming season. The good reports of our delightful climate carried back by those who sojourned in the State in former winters have induced many to look longingly toward her pleasant valleys, many of which are warm and beautiful. Letters received also state that many who are coming to spend the winter in our favored State, will remain permanently in our midst, if they can see an opening for the investment of their capital. The most of these people are likely to reside permanently in the State, sooner or later. After a taste of California winter weather, the appetite of an Eastern man is changed, and he is loth to return to less temperate climates. Many people who wintered here last year, have returned from the East, accompanied by friends to whom they have given our climate a good name.—[Resources of California.

The Staff of Life.

There are manufactured in this country about 62,000,000 gallons of distilled spirits a year, and it requires on on average three and three-quarters bushels of corn to the gallon, or in round numbers, 232,000,000 bushels. Our estimated crop for 1877 was 1,230,000,000 bushels, so that only about one-fifth goes into distilled spirits.

Death of Henry Wells.

The founder of Wells, Fargo & Co's Express, Henry Wells, died at Glasgow, Scotland, on Tuesday last, at the advanced age of seventy-two. He was a native of Eastford, Vermont, and a tanner and currier by trade. In 1834 he became agent of the American Transportation Company, with his office at New York City, and subsequently at Boston. After various connections with the Express business, then growing in importance, he branched out for himself, in 1840, as a partner in the firm of Pomeroy & Co., operating between Buffalo and Albany. This firm gradually expanded into that of Wells, Butterfield & Co., and finally into the American Express Company. In 1849 a branch of the concern was known as Livingston, Wells & Co.; and from it originated the widely known Pacific coast firm of Wells, Fargo & Co. The deceased acquired great wealth and enjoyed a stainless reputation.

The Chicago Times repeats the statement that the Union and Central Pacific Railroads will consolidate.—[Marysville Appeal, Dec. 6.

☞ The National Gold Medal was awarded to Bradley & Rulofson, for the best Photographs in the United States, and the Vienna medal for the best in the world. 429 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

Friday 2 o clock P, M, striners for our new bridge is about half placed.

WINTERS ADVOCATE.

WINTERS ADVOCATE

ESTABLISHED NOV. 8, 1875

$3.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Published Weekly

DESCRIPTIONS OF

JOB WORK,

BILL HEADS,
BUSINESSCARDS,
VISITING CARDS,
PROGRAMMES,
CIRCULARS,
POSTERS,
PAMPHLETS,

And anything in the Printing line executed in Colors or otherwise, with

Neatness and Dispatch

—AT THE—

ADVOCATE JOB OFFICE

MAIN STREET, NEAR FIRST,

WINTERS, YOLO CO. CAL.

SEND IN YOUR SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR VOLUMN 4.

VOLUMN NO. 4 COMMENCES NOVEMBER 22nd, 1878.

WOODLAND ADVERTISEMENTS.

Farmers, Teamsters,

And The Public in General,
Be kind enough to remember the "Poor Cripple," by buying your TOBACCO, CIGARS, CANDY, NUTS and TOYS, of
J. C. O'CONNOR,
NEXT DOOR TO BERG'S DEPOT,
Woodland, Yolo County, Cal,
And thus aid him to earn his own living.
d 7 8 tf.

DIETZ & KNOX,

WOODLAND
CARRIAGE & WAGON MANUFACTORY
BUILDERS OF:
OMNIBUSES,
HEARSES, HACKS,
PHAETONS,
LIGHT & HEAVY BUGGIES,
TRACK SULKEYS,
LIGHT AND HEAVY WAGONS,
IN FACT EVERYTHING FROM
A NEEDLE TO AN ANCHOR.
ALL WORK WARRANTED
From one to two Years
We have on hand for sale Cheap
BUGGIES AND SPRING WAGONS
Which we are selling very low.
JOBBING OF ALL KINDS
DONE IN BEST OF STYLE.
SETTING TIRE A SPECIALITY,

ALSO TRIMMING, PAINTING, HARNESS Making, etc., all connected and warranted. None but master mechanics employed.

☞ GIVE US A CALL. je29-3m

Hesperian College,

WOODLAND, Yolo County, Cal.
HAS A FIRST-CLASS
Telegraphic and
Penmanship
INSTITUTE,
UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF AN
EXPERIENCED TEACHER AND PRACTICAL OPERATOR.
IGNACIO BROWN,
Teacher of Telegraphy and Penmanship.
☞ SEND FOR CATALOGUE y13-2m

MISCELLRNEOUS.

WINTER' ARRANGEMENT.

STEAMER CAROLINE

FOR SUISUN
LEAVES SAN FRANCISCO,
JACKSON Street Wharf,
WEDNESDAY an dSATURDAY,
AT 9 A. M.
Returning, Leaves Suisun
MONDAY and THURSDAY,
AT 9 A. M.
FORSMAN AND FISK : AGENTS.
SUISUN.
n 9 8 tf.

DR. SPINNEY

No, 11 KEARNY STREET,
Treats all Chronic and Special Diseases

YOUNG MEN

WHO MAY BE SUFFERING FROM the effects of youthful follies or indiscretion will do well to avail themselves of this, the greatest boon ever laid at the altar of suffering humanity. DR SPINNEY will guarantee to forfeit $500 for every case of Seminal weakness or private disease of any kind or character which he undertakes and fails to cure.

MIDDLE-AGED MEN.

There are many at the age of thirty to sixty who are troubled with too frequent evacuation of the bladder, often accompanied by a slight smarting or burning sensation, and a weakening of the system in a manner the patient cannot account for. On examining the urinary deposits a ropy sediment will often be found, and sometimes small particles of albumen will appear, or the color will be of a thin milkish hue, again changing to a dark and torpid appearance. There are many men who die of this difficulty ignorant of the cause, which is the second stage of seminal weakness. DR. S. will guarantee a perfect cure in all such cases, and a healthy restoration of the genito-urinary organs.

OFFICE HOURS—10 to 4 and 6 to 8. Sundays from 10 to 11 A. M. Consultation free. Thorough examination and advice $5.

Call or address,
DR. SPINNEY & CO.
Kearney st. San Franci

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC

AFTER THIS DATE I SHALL BE AT WINTERS only on Thursday of each week for the purpose of buying grain and settling up my business. s14 tf
Winters, September 14 '78. SIM BLUM.

DIXON BREWERY

DIXON, CAL.
SIEBE & OVERHOLZER, ; ; Props.
SUPERIOR BEER
ALWAYS ON HAND AND
Moderate Charges.

THE STAFFOF LIFE.

FLOUR! FLOUR!!

FLOUR!!!

THE VERY BEST

That Can be Produced for Coin.

1,000 50-Pound Sacks

TO BE GIVEN AWAY!

Winters Has Suffered a Financial

Disaster.

THE PROPRIETOR OF THE

Winters Advocate

NOW COMES TO THE FRONT

Determined to Succeed!

To Extend the Already Increased

CIRCULATION;

To Give Advertisers The

Benefit

Of Placing Their Goods Before

The Public!

And Thus Takes the First Step

To Encourage

The People to Keep Their Money

At Home,

Let others follow in the wake; keep their shoulders to the wheel; the

BURDEN WILL MOVE,
Winters Must and Will

LIVE.

THE GIVEAWAY
IS LIMITED TO

1,000

Sacks of 50 Pounds Each.

THIS FAMILY NECESSITY,

This Solid Comfort

Will be given to each and every subscriber (old as well as new) to Volume 4 of the ADVOCATE. Subscriptions may be sent by Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express (prepaid) to Winters, or by Post Office order, payable to W. C. Harding, at Suisun. Flour will be delivered, free of freight or Express charges, at Winters, Madison, Woodland, Dixon, Elmira Vacaville and Suisun. Send in your subscriptions at once.

No Cheap Chromos,
No Out-of-date Books,
No Faded, Shelf worn Goods,
No Shoddy Plated-ware,
No Magic Lanterns or Pocket Magnifiers,

—BUT—

A Square, Honest Deal to Each and every one alike,

MADISON ADVERTISEMENTS

S. WOOTTEN and SON.

Golden State Mills,

MADISON, YOLO CO., CAL.

WE ARE PREPARED TO DO FIRST CLASS milling at lowest rates.

FLOUR,
GRAIN,
CORN MEAL
GROUND FEED, Etc.

Always On Hand.

Parties at Winters and Vacaville will find it to their interest to do their milling at Madison.

ALL ORDERS ADDRESSED TO
GOLDEN STATE MILLS
Will Receive Prompt Attention
aug10-tf

W. E. Fifield, M.D.

Practising Physician.

OFFICE AT MADISON DRUG STORE. PROfessional calls attended with promptness Day and night.

WINTERS ADVERTISEMENTS.

R. CLARK,

Attorney-at-Law.
DEPUTY DIST. ATTORNEY,
WINTERS,
Yolo County, o12-1y California.

HUNT'S SALOON,

NEAR OCCIDENTAL HOTEL
J. W. HUNT, - - - Proprietor.

THE BEST OF WINES, LIQUORS AND Cigars, constantly on hand. Give us a call.
s28 tf

NEW STORE.

MAIN STREET............WINTERS.

FINE SUPPLY FAMILY GROCERIES—BED-rock prices—everything marked in plain figures. Cash on produce only, by this method we sell cheaper by 25 per cent than can any man that sells on a years' credit. Try us.
o19-tf. ELLIOTT & CO.

THOMAS KEEFE;

PHARMACIST.

DEALER IN DRUGS AND CHEMICALS, PERfumeries, Toilet articles. Pure Wines and Liquors for medicinal purposes. School Books and Stationery, Havana Cigars and Tobacco.

Teeth Extracted

With care and skill. Physicians Prescriptions carefully compounded night or day.

PIONEER DRUG STORE,
a31-tf MAIN STREET, WINTERS.

NURSING.

LADIES REQUIRING THE SERVICES of a Competent Ladies' Nurse, who has had several years' experience, can find one by calling on or addressing MRS. R. J. MALLIN, Occidental Hotel, Winters.

WINTERS

Livery and Feed
STABLE,
NORTH SIDE OF MAIN SRREET,
WINTERS,
my4-tf BOWEN BROS.

ALLEN'S BARBER SHOP,

RAILROAD STREET, ADJOINING THE OCCIDENTAL HOTEL.
Where he is prepared to do all work in his line, and hopes by
Strict Attention to Business,
TO MERIT PUBLIC PATRONAGE.
Ladies' and Children's Hair Cutting
AND SHAMPOOING,
A SPECIALTY.
jel-tf

MILLINERY.

MRS. FITZGERALD,
FASHIONABLE MILLINERY STORE,
Cor. Main and First sts. Winters.

KEEPS ON HAND FIRST CLASS GOODS AND is always prepared to do work in the latest styles and at living rates. a31-tf

FOR SALE.

ONE 4,700 POUND DETROIT SAFE; been in use only two years.
Apply to BLUM & CO., Winters.
Or to BLUM SONS & CO., Dixon. s14-tf

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

M. C. PALMER,

A
BOGGS' OLD STAND,
KEEPS A
A FULL LINE OF
GROCERIES Etc.
Highest Market Price Paid
FOR ALL KINDS OF
COUNTRY PRODUCE.

FOR SALE CHEAP

WORK, DRIVING, and SADDLE HORSES,
—AT—
ARNOLD'S SOUTH OF
DENVERTON, SOLANO CO. CAL.

Courier-Journal Rifle-Balls.

Glasgow *Times:* "Sectarian interpolations, in the plan of salvation, are not calculated to keep the germs of man's receptivity in fructifying mood for the pollen of Scriptural teachings." Please say that again, Doctor, and say it slow.

"Serious trouble is said to be again brewing between the Oregon Indians and the settlers." What ails the military authorities out there that they don't stop that brewing? There is no reason why the Indians and settlers should be at lagerheads.

"Sampson slayed his thousands, and Ben. Butler with the same weapon has laid low the whole Democratic party of Massachusetts."—*Inter-Ocean.*

Yes, but Samson never spelled his name with a "p." You had better re-adjust your jawbone.

The "Baked Beans and Codfish Festival" in Boston and the "Turnip-greens and Hog-jowl Matinee" at Podunk have been so successful as a means of raising funds for the church, that Rochester is about to get up a "Punpkin-pie Festival" for the benefit of one of the churches in that city.

A leader of the National party thinks that in managing our public affairs "we might obtain much help from the spirit world," and that "it would be wise to put the management of the Indians wholly under the direction of the spirits." Nothing would please the Indians more, even if they have to pay five dollars a gallon for the spirits.

The wife of a school teacher at Plymouth, N. H., has just inherited a fortune of $400,000. Imagine the emotions of the husband on receiving the announcement. His first wild, exultant impulse must have been to set fire to his old clothes and school-house and ostentatiously strike out for Europe by the light of the conflagration.

Hopkinsville *New Era:* "Judge Wilson, of Cincinnati, has offered a reward for a Kentuckian who can come to Cincinnati and not get drunk." Judge Wilson knows that the atmosphere of Cincinnati is so thoroughly impregnated with the odors of mean whisky that it is almost impossible for a Kentuckian to pass through the city without being made drunk.

On his arrival in Spain the other day, General Grant was met and welcomed by Castelar, thus affording the people present an opportunity to catch a momentary glimpse, as it were, of that celebrated one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, as strikingly illustrated in an address from the finest orator of Europe, and a reply from the feeblest orator of America.

John Mundlein was arrested in Brooklyn the other day, charged with having five wives. Insatiate Mundlein, we should have supposed that two or three would have sufficed. It is a wonder, by the way, that they haven't a law in Brooklyn granting a man the privilege of having at least two wives, since so few men there are satisfied with but one.

Out in Iowa old man Gilman's thief-trap, in the shape of a gun loaded down to the guards with beans and planted one evening in point blank range with the finest watermelon in his patch, went off a little after daybreak the next morning, and who of all the world should it bring down but his own dear mother-in-law! Of course she wasn't shot dead in her tracks--beans being almost as innocuous when administered by hyperdermic injection as when taken with too much pork internally--but to tell her that the trap wasn't set expressly for her was simply to add insult to injury. Peace affrighted fled. And now old man Gilman doesn't know which of two things he is most sorry for, that his mother-in-law was shot or that the beans were not, though sometimes greatly tempted to give the beans the benefit of the doubt.

Hawk-Eyetems.

Why is it that at the hotel the man who goes is called a waiter, and the man who really waits for him to come back is called a guest?

"What," asks the Christian *Intelligencer*, "what is so rare as an honest man?" Well, we should say a sirloin steak is, very frequently.

A baby on North Hill yesterday swallowed a nickel and a three cent piece. That's it; keep it up; what the country needs is more money in circulation.

September came in so abruptly that half the men in Burlington forgot it was time to pick oysters in their anxiety to learn the price of coal and ulsters.

Nothing makes a man so mad as to get about five blocks away from the dentist's and make the alarming discovery that he had the wrong tooth pulled.

General Sherman's son Thomas used to belong to a base ball club. Now we can understand why he wants to spend the rest of his remorseful life in a cloister.

"Exertion," says a great writer, "is the price of a noble life." Strange that a man never thinks of that when he gets up before six o'clock in the morning.

A colored man in Corinth, Mississippi, is teaching his old owner to write. Good heavens! do the people of Mississippi "wan't their daughters to marry niggers?"

What shattered Mr. Bringer's faith in his old family physician was, that he gave him a box with three pills in it, and on the lid it said, "take two three times a day, just before eating."

A stovepipe elbow, whereof one end had run over itself with a dray, would not excite the admiration of any man, and yet it is a faithful copy of the frame of the prevailing style of lovely woman's fascinating summer hat.

The author of "Beautiful Snow" is requested to come to this office and repeat the third stanza to the news editor. We cannot find a copy of the poem anywhere, and we are getting ready to publish it in response to the request of an "old subscriber" when the first snow falls.

The red ribbon movement has accomplished one good thing for Iowa. The regular annual account of the big snake eighty feet long and as big around as a flour barrel, that has been ravaging this state every summer for the past ten years, has not been published this season, and it is to be inferred that nobody has seen the snake.

STARCH CAKE.—One and one-half cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of sweet milk, one cup of corn starch, one and one-half cups of flour, whites of six eggs, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

A Presentiment of Death.

The Louisiana *Journal* says: Ernest, a bright boy of 7 years, oldest child of Mr. Samuel Templeton, gate-keeper on the Prairieville gravel road, just below this city, met with an accident on Thursday of last week, which resulted in his death soon afterward. About noon on that day he mounted a wagon loaded with wood, with the intention of unloading it. The lad seized a stick and was in the act of throwing it to the ground, when he lost his equilibrium and fell, head foremost, to the earth. His cries brought his father to his assistance, who led him into the house. The boy did not seem to be much injured. He was conscious, explained to his father how he fell, pointed out his bruises and conversed rationally for an hour, when he suddenly lost consciousness and remained in that condition until his death, which occurred about six hours after the accident.

The night preceding the above sad accident Mrs. Templeton, the mother of the child, had a strange presentiment of his death. Early in the evening, while the child was asleep, she approached his little bed and, looking earnestly into his face, burst into tears.

The grief with which she was over come was intense and uncontrollable. It attracted her husband's attention, who inquired into its cause. "Samuel," the weeping mother answered, "I don't think we will ever raise this child." "I can see no cause for your fears," replied the father, "the child is as healthy as can be."

But this answer did not satisfy the mother, for a dark cloud hung over her. Her heart beat rapidly and heavily; strange shadows crossed her vision; an unseen grief oppressed her; the presage of some horrible coming event cast a burden on her soul she scarce could bear.

At the usual hour the sobbing mother retired, but her rest was uneasy. Toward midnight she arose from her bed and again sought the couch of her boy, who slept the deep, sweet sleep of innocent childhood, all unconscious of the grief-stricken mother who bent over him, bathing his face with tears and kisses.

Mr. Templeton expostulated with his wife, and assured her that her fears were a mere whim, and begged her to calm her grief and go to sleep. But no sleep came to that mother's relief that night, and day broke to bring her no respite from the sad burden her bleeding heart bore. The slightest unusual noise about the house thrilled her with evil forebodings, and thus the weary hours dragged on until the foreshadowed end came in the accident as above related.

A Wild Freak of the Lightning.

Surely the lightning has seldom cut a stranger freak than that which distinguished its dealing with the colored family of Mr. Scipio Yam, an honest kalsominer of Wilkesbarre, Penn., in the great thunder-storm that prevailed in that vicinity on the 13th of last month.

The family, eight in number, were at dinner at the time, while a relative of Mr. Yam, an ancient and eccentric old black woman, rejoicing in the homely appellation of Aunt Judith, was reclining upon a lounge in the same room. The lightning-stroke, after demolishing the chimney, darted down the flue, and broke every window in the cabin, besides leaving a strange reminder of its effects upon every person present. Mr. and Mrs. Yam were at once prostrated, and, though not seriously injured, each was afterward found to bear down the spine a vivid and ineffaceable impression of a red-hot pitchfork.

Every one of the six children was as completely denuded of every shred of clothing, as if carefully prepared for the customary Saturday night's bath, and though none of them were any more than stunned, Jefferson, the eldest, was carried out of doors and landed on top of the hencoop; Melinda, nine years old, was cast, struggling and screaming in the midst of a noisy and terror-stricken flock of geese that had sought shelter at the lee side of the house, and Seraphina, two years younger, was quietly set into a tub of whitewash, which left her considerably off-color for some time thereafter; while the three other children were incontinently rolled out among the scattered kitchen-ware and crockery.

But Aunt Judith was more remarkably affected than any one else. The iron framework of the lounge, upon which she was lying, was literally twisted into unshapely fragments underneath her; every particle of her wool was singed off her head, and, though she escaped with nothing more than a benumbing effect, which lasted some hours afterward, nearly every part of her body was covered with deep, livid impressions of the letter H, just as if she had just successfully emerged from the most thoroughly tattooing process that was ever devised. Moreover, a chronic deafness, from which she had suffered for many years, was found to have been effectually and permanently cured by the shock she had received.

"We are all more or less marked for life," writes Mr. Yam to one of the local papers, "but otherwise the devastating bolt effected but slight damage, and the Lord's will be done!"

How Thomas Betrayed Himself.

When Thomas drove up to deliver the usual quart of mixture, the gentleman of the house kindly inquired:

"Thomas, how many quarts of milk do you deliver?"

"Ninety-one, sir."

"And how many cows have you?"

"Nine, sir."

The gentleman made some remarks about an early spring, close of the eastern war, and the state of the roads, and then asked:

"Say, Thomas, how much milk per day do your cows average?"

"Seven quarts, sir."

"Ah! um!" said the gentleman, as he moved off.

Thomas looked after him, scratched his head, and all at once grew pale, as he pulled out a short pencil and began to figure on the wagon cover.

"Nine cows is nine, and I set down seven quarts under the cows and multiply. That's sixty-three quarts of milk. I told him I sold ninety-one quarts per day. Sixty-three from ninety-one leaves twenty-eight, and none to carry. Now, where do I get the rest of the milk? I'll be hanged if I haven't given myself away to one of my best customers by leaving a durned big cavity in these figgers to be filled with water!"—*Harper's Bazar.*

SAN FRANCISCO MARKET.

FLOUR—The exports for November aggregated 232,428 ¼ sks, valued at $263,729, and since July 1st, 887,408 ¼ sks at $1,135,439, against 634,024 ¼ sks last year, worth $1,031,837, and in 1876, 964,772 ¼ sks valued at $1,174,210. On the 5th inst. the City of Panama carried out 13,968 ¼ sks. At this writing there is no demand for export, and local dealers anxious to clean up for the end of the year, buy sparingly under these influences; the market rules quiet, but the price of wheat keeps values firm.

We quote, Superfine common, $4 12½@$4 25; Superfine, $4 37½@$4 50; extra superfine, $4 62½@$4 75; choice and extra choice, $5 25@$5 50; Oregon, good to choice, $4 75 @ $5 12½.

WHEAT.—Advices from Europe during the week have been adverse; cargoes are 6d off at Liverpool, where heavy shipments from Russia and our Atlantic ports bear down prices again. The Keene Corner in Chicago fails to effect the market in any degree. Trade here is dull, partly owing to the near approach of the end of the year, but more so to firm holding on the part of producers. They hold anticipating a dry season. The chance is a small one to speculate on, and if it comes it will not effect prices unless the general harvest of the world is short next year. California crop has about as much influence on Liverpool prices as a drop of water goes to fill a pail. Crowding business into one end of the year is likely to break prices whenever any selling pressure comes.

We quote superfine, $1 60@$1 65; fair to choice milling, $1 70@$1 77½; shipping, $1 67½@$1 75.

BARLEY.—Small offerings, good demand and firm values sum up the situation.

We quote feed, $1c@1 05c; (all gold); brewing, $1 10@$1 25; chevalier, $1 50 @$1 80.

CORN.—Large receipts; fair demand and steady prices.

We quote yellow, $95@$1 10; white $1 00 @$1 05.

OATS.—Offerings are liberal and the demand good excepting for inferior grades. No change in values.

We quote milling at $1 55@$1 60; good to choice feed, $1 45@$1 55; common to good feed, $1 10@$1 40.

RYE.—Little doing.

We quote $1 15@$1 27½.

BUCKWHEAT— Nothing doing. We quote as before, $1 15@$1 40.

MILLSTUFFS.—Demand good; prices steady.

Bran, per ton	14 50@15 00
Middlings, per ton	22 00@23 00
Corn, ground, per ton, gold	24 00@25 00
Barley, ground, per ton gold	21 00@22 00

HOPS.—The market presents the same dull, monotonous aspect noted for some time past. The crop in Europe is so large, that although it is of poor quality, price is declined except at low rates.

We quote California 9@11c; Oregon and Washington Territory 8@10c.

WOOL—Our Eastern buyers who grabbed up all the fall clip so greedily are gone home. Receipts are small as are stocks in warehouses here. The business of the season is practically closed and will henceforth be merely of a retail character. There are a few hundred bales still to come and a few million pounds still in warehouses to keep our local dealers dickering until the spring clip comes. Quotations are more or less nominal.

We quote: Northern, Fall, 10@17½; Southern, Fall, 8@13c; northern, choice, 21@22c; northern, fair to good, 19@20c; southern, fair to good, 14@18c; Eastern Oregon, 18c; Valley 20@22.

DAIRY PRODUCE.—BUTTER.—Low rates increased the demand, turning consumption well on to Fresh Roll. Receipts have been liberal, but there is no accumulation, in fact, stocks are smaller than a week ago. A steady firm feeling prevails, and values seem at bed-rock at present. Choice is still scarce; gilt-edged would bring 25c. As retailers get out of Pickled they buy cautiously, fearing they will not get it off. It is somewhat replacing Keg in some parts of the interior, where the grass is still scarce. In most cases stocks will be all cleaned up. On the whole line we quote as before.

CHEESE.—A steady, unchanging market in all respects.

EGGS.—Receipts of California are fair, but many lots show long withholding; some dealers here have been loaded up with big stocks which have become stale. Utah and Western deliveries have been light, but stocks in store are large, holding back at one place and another has lowered quality. So wide is the range of quality in all stock, and so unsettled the market, with poor eggs seeking to catch a buyer as best they may, that accurate quotations are out of the question, and the situation is a puzzle to the best informed dealers.

We quote: California choice fresh roll butter, 30@32½c: common to good roll, 25@27½c; Cheese, California, 10@12½c; Western Cheese, 10@12c ₩ tb; California Eggs, 37½@40c ₩ Eastern, 25@32½c; Utah, 32½@35c; Oregon, 40.

HAY AND STRAW—Better prices are drawing larger receipts, but a good demand maintains firm values; some very poor stock sells for $7 00.

We quote: Wheat, good to prime, ₩ ton $15 00@$16 00; wheat, fair to medium, $12 00@$12 50; oats, wild, ₩ ton, $8 50@ $12 50; barley, choice, $12 50@$14 00; barley, ₩ ton, $9 00@$10 50; stock, $7 50@ $10 00; straw, ₩ bale, 40@50c.

PROVISIONS—Business is dull, partly owing to the end of the year and partly to anticipation of lower prices. Dealers try to stimulate demand by shading rates.

We quote: California plain Hams, 11@12c; Eastern Canvassed C. S. C. Hams, 11@ 13c, as to brand; California Lard, 9@10c; Eastern do, 11@12c; California Bacon, 9@ 11c; Eastern Bacon, 9@11c; California Smoked Beef, $9 00@$11 00 ₩ bbl; Beef, $8 50@$10 50 ₩ bbl; hf bbl, $4 50@$6 00; Pork ₩ bbl, $22 00@$24 00.

SALMON AND SMOKED FISH—Salmon—The market is quiet at late rates.

We quote, $1 45@$1 47½ for 1-tb tins; bbl, $11; hf bbl, $6 00; all as to quality, where caught and grade of fish. Cod, Pacific, bdls 5@6c ₩ tb; Cod, in cases, 6½@7c; Cod boneless, Eastern, 9@10c ₩ tb; Georges Cod, 9c ₩ tb; Mackerel, hf bbls, No. 1, $10 00 @$11 00; do, hf bbls, No. 2, $8 50@$9 00; do, kits, No. 1, $2 25@$2 50; do, kits, No. 2, $2 00@$2 25.

POTATOES—Low prices encourage consumption and receipts are not so large. The market is firm at full prices, or for choice a trifle, better. Sweets are scarce and very dear. Onions are rather easier. The range of prices is wide, the inside for poor, lower coast stock and Utah, and the outside of choice Un on City.

We quote: Cuffeys Cove, $1 00@$1 20; Whites, 50@90c; Chili garnet, 75@95c; reds, 6 c@$1 00; Sweet, $2 00@$2 25. Onions, scarce, yellow $3 25@$3 50.

POULTRY—Stocks plenty, and prices low, excepting Duck and Geese which are rather better.

We quote: Turkeys, alive, 15@16c; Hens, ₩ doz, $6 00@$8 00; Roosters, ₩ doz $4 50@$6 00; Broilers, ₩ doz, $3 50@$4 00; Ducks, ₩ doz, $6 00@$8 00; Geese, ₩ pair $2 00@$2 50.

LIVE STOCK AND MEATS—Hogs cheaper again; other kinds steady.

We quote: Beef, first quality, dressed net, ₩ tb 5½@5¾c; beef, second quality, dressed net, ₩ tb 4@4½c; beef, third quality, ₩ tb 2½@3½c; mutton, choice, dressed, ₩ tb 3@4½; hogs, first quality, gross, ₩ tb 3⅜@3½c; hogs, second quality, gross, ₩ tb, 3⅛@3¼c, hogs, dressed, ₩ tb, 5@5½c; veal, small, ₩ tb, 6½@7½c; veal, large, ₩ tb, 5@6c; lamb, spring, ₩ tb, —@6½c.

HONEY—The *San Francisco Price Current* says: In 1876 there was shipped from San Diego 1,250,000 tbs. The drought in 1877 destroyed 8,000 stands, and the shipments were nothing. This year with 18,000 stands, the yield has been 1,100,000 tbs. It is estimated that the country will have 24,000 stands to work from next season. Our market here is quiet, unchanged.

We quote: Comb, 8@11c; strained, 4@6c.

Beeswax.—No change. Demand steady. We quote 25@27½c.

BEANS, DRIED PEAS.—Receipts moderate; demand rather cautious; prices advancing.

We quote; Peas, ₩ 100 tbs, $2 75@$2 87½; Butter, large, ₩ 100 tbs, $2 75@$3 00; Lima, ₩ 100 tbs, $4 00@$4 50; Red, ₩ 100 tbs, $1 75@$1 85; Pink, ₩ 100 tbs, $1 75@$1 85; Bayos, ₩ 100 tbs, $2 00@$2 25; Small, white, ₩ 100 tbs, $2 50@$2 75; Dried Peas, ₩ 100 tbs, $1 00@$1 50.

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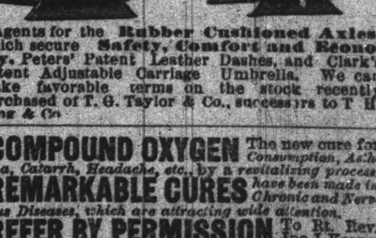

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